

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Poem.

The joys of a full English breakfast.

In the realm of breakfast delights, A feast of flavours takes its flight. Behold, the treasure that graces the plate, The full English breakfast, a glorious state.

Let us embark on this savoury affair, Where mornings are adorned with utmost care. From countryside kitchens to bustling diners, A symphony of tastes that never tires.

First, the sun rises with golden delight, As sunny-side-up eggs shine ever so bright. Their yolks, like orbs of pure morning bliss, A heavenly kiss, the perfect sunrise.

Bacon sizzles, its aroma fills the air, Crisp and tender, a taste beyond compare. Its smoky embrace, a savoury sensation, Ignites the senses with elation.

Next, plump sausages take centre stage, Juicy and succulent, a culinary gauge. Their seasoned perfection, a hearty embrace, Awakening taste buds with every trace.

Mushrooms join the grand breakfast parade, Earthiness and texture, a delightful charade. Grilled to perfection, a delicate dance, Adding depth to this morning romance.

Oh, the sweet embrace of baked beans, A touch of sweetness, a taste that gleams. They mingle with the rest, a harmonious blend, Creating flavours that know no end.

Tomatoes, roasted and bursting with glee, A burst of freshness, a vibrant decree. Their tangy allure, a zesty sensation, Balancing the richness with jubilation.

And let us not forget the humble toast, A canvas of warmth, a foundation to boast. Butter and jam, a spread so divine, Completing the picture, a breakfast design.

The full English breakfast, a morning feast, Where flavours and textures never cease. A symphony of indulgence, a culinary delight, Bringing joy to every morning's light.

So, rise and shine, embrace this morning fare, A celebration of flavours beyond compare. For in each bite, a tale is unfurled, Of the joys found in a full English breakfast world.

By Donald Jay